

*Miss Smith is very  
good natured.*

HURLY-BURLY;

OR,

The FAIRY of the WELL.

*Thos. Hodges  
1788*

\*70-598

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**H**URLY-BURLY; or, The FAIRY of the WELL, being a novel species of Entertainment, partaking as well of the Italian Comedy as the English Pantomime, and much of the plot depending on dialogue, some of which might, from a variety of circumstances at the representation, be lost to many of the audience, it has been deemed adviseable to print such parts of it as have an immediate relation to the plot.

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# HURLY - BURLY;

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SCENE I. *Magic Cavern, &c.*

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NORDIN *the Magician and* HARLEQUIN  
LACK.

NORDIN *speaks.*

NOR trembling limbs, my son, nor figs avail,  
Be bold and vigilant when foes assail.

[*Short symphony.*

These magic leaves a great event portend,  
This is the crisis of thy fate—attend!—

Another

Another Harlequin from foreign shores,  
 Aloft in air now o'er our channel soars.  
 My spells shall make the solid rock give way,  
 And magic's mirror shall his fate display.

*[A small change in the Scenery.]*

Look on that picture!—to thy wond'ring sight,  
 It will present thy rival's airy flight."

*[Thunder.]*

Hark!—the howling tempest brings  
 Death and terror on its wings,  
 Behold, my son, by whirlwinds tost,  
 Thy rival cannot reach the coast,

A I R.—NORDIN.

Flitting Dæmon's of the air,  
 Strike his mind with black despair:  
 He sinks!—but ah! again to rise,  
 For now, once more, he mounts the skies.  
 Wrapt in the gloomy clouds of night;  
 But mark that meteor flaming bright!

The

The work is done !—Behold from far,  
 Fire bursting o'er the airy car !  
 The flaming ruin quick descends,  
 And to this isle its course it bends."

[*Waves his wand.—Speaks.*

Haste, Saddon, quickly seize, and hither bring  
 The wonder-working sword of Harlequin;  
 Fly, Saddon, fly—I'll to my favourite son  
 Present the glorious prize, thus happ'ly won.

[*Flourish.*

*Enter Spirit, with magic sword.*

Spirit, 'tis well !—Accept, my son, this sword,  
 Torn from thy rival's side—thou'lt find it stor'd  
 With many a pow'rful magic charm; and know  
 'Tis the best gift a father can bestow."

[*Flourish.*

But hark !—I feel the potent fairy's spells !  
 I yield, thou great enchantress!—Fate compels.—  
 Away, my son ! may Fortune be thy friend,  
 And unabated mirth thy steps attend.

[*Harlequin Lack trips off.—Nordin sinks.*

*Scene changes.*

*Enter*

*Enter HARLEQUIN CLACK, who speaks.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Fairy rises from the Well to soft Music,  
and presents a large Crystal Goblet of  
Water.*

FAIRY *speaks.*

Be not dismay'd!—The Fairy of the  
Well salutes thee!—The water which I  
bring will not only be a present gratifica-  
tion; for it contains a fortifying quality,  
and will be no small assistance in counter-  
acting or resisting the plans and intrigues of  
your motley Rival.

H A R-



## HARLEQUIN.

Rival !—What do you mean ?—I thought I had been the only *aerial merry Andrew*.

## FAIRY.

O, you are mistaken. — But the Rival I mean is no Balloonist; but has been bred chiefly under ground by a rival of *mine*, a great Magician.

## HARLEQUIN.

Oh, ho ! I understand you.—I find, then, we are to be, as the Scotchman says in the play, Twa to twa. — I doubt I shall make but a sorry second ; for, in my last flight, I lost a weapon, with which I could have done wonders.

B

FAIRY.

FAIRY.

What, your magical weapon of wood!  
— The Magician Nordin has stolen it from  
your side, and presented it to his son, your  
rival, Mr. Orator Mum.

HARLEQUIN.

Mr. Mum?

FAIRY.

Yes. — The tongue of this his fav'rite  
offspring is spell bound. — No one can free  
it but Hymen. — In plain English, he'll  
never be able to speak till he's marry'd.

HARLEQUIN.

If he's wife he'll remain dumb all his  
life. — But, plague on him — tongue or no  
tongue — he has my sword.

FAIRY.

## FAIRY.

Fear not! — We shall be too hard for Master Nimble-heels and his grim-visag'd Papa. — To *his activity* you must oppose *your wit*; and tho' he, by a flourish of his sword, may be able to change places, persons, times, and seasons, I have a wand here by no means its inferior, and, in the moment of need, will be always at hand to relieve you.

## HARLEQUIN.

Always at hand! — Why can't you as well give it me, and let me relieve myself?

## FAIRY.

It has no virtue in any hand but mine. — But, in lieu of it, take this ring. — Whenever you touch it, you may appear to any

B 2

beholder

beholder whatever, or whomsoever you shall wish to be thought: nay, to different spectators at once, as many different beings.

— By removing it from one finger to another, it shall render your opponents deaf, dumb, or blind, as occasion shall require.

— It will also enable you to imitate any voice, as well as assume whatever character you please.

#### HARLEQUIN.

Assume whatever character I please!— I am told London swarms with people who can do that without a magic ring.—One part of its virtue I can easily conceive to be inestimable; for I am not to learn that great things may be done there by having what they call the command of a few voices.

FAIRY.



FAIRY.

Yes, yes; — You won't find liberty of speech the least of my favours.

HARLEQUIN.

O! I know the first men in the kingdom are speech-makers, and practise their trade not only all day, but sometimes all night too. But, however fond I may be of the speaking Harlequins, my strong attachment is to my brethren of the *sword*!

FAIRY.

I perceive you have been in London before. — Then you admire the English?

HARLEQUIN.

Admire them! — Who does not? — An Englishman takes to fighting as a Newfoundland

foundland dog takes to the water. — Your true British Harlequin leaps at a breach made by a cannon ball as eagerly as a hunter leaps at a hedge. — Liberty is his Colombine! the goddess of his idolatry! — For her he dares the most imminent danger; and Courage is the magic sword with which he is endow'd to conquer every difficulty. — So, my dear, dear little Fairy, take t'other dip in the well, and follow me — for, I say — Hey, for London.

[*Excunt.*

*Here follows comic Business of the Pantomime.*

AIR.

A I R.—ANGELICA.

Tho' as a shield against surprise  
 The cautious tongue may silence prove,  
 Unable to assume disguise,  
 The eyes still tell the tale of love.

II.

In foreign climes th'untutor'd mind  
 The bars of speech may not remove;  
 But still the eyes a languish find,  
 In which they tell the tale of love.

CATCH.

C A T C H.

Come, let us drink a health to poor old Sue,  
 Oh, may she live till she's three score and two ;  
 Here's too her daughter too,  
 Here's too her daughter too ;  
 She that was kissed by you know who—  
 Ah, Sir, 'twas you that kissed the daughter of  
 Sue.  
 Fill to the brim, Sirs, you and you,  
 Faith 'twas not I that kissed, so don't look blue.

*The Fairy appears in a Tree, and speaks*

Behold me here.—Accompanied by some  
 of my invisible agents, you shall repair to  
 the spot where you first saw me, which  
 may



may, perhaps, ere this, by the spells of the wicked Nordin, be rendered a mere desert. You will, at worst, find some vestiges which may lead to the well and its neighbourhood; there I'll meet you. In the mean time, *Mr. Dumb* and his *Intended* will find work for their and your pursuers, who shall, for a time, be as dumb as themselves. — They approach—begone.

[*Exeunt.*

*More comic Business of the Pantomime.*

FAIRY *appears.*

*As Harlequin Clack and Angelica descend into the well, she speaks*

Ye plighted pair be happy. — Your faith and constancy deserve it. — Now to my palace.

[*She sees Harlequin Lack and Nannette.*

C

Oh,

Oh! are you there? — You are, as I take it, the son of my mortal foe, but, I find, do not inherit his malignity. — Come, Nannette, repentance is next in rank to innocence. — Descend with me, and be happy.

*[They descend into the well.]*

*As Harlequin Lack descends, Nordin appears, and speaks*

My curses follow thee! perverted boy! who, spite of admonition and entreaty, canst prefer love to duty, and pleasure to revenge. May thy joys be transient as my spells have been feeble! May the speech thou'rt about to acquire, be ever employed in reproaches and revilings; and trebly unpropitious be those revels, which I must neither partake of nor behold.

LAST

LAST CHORUS.

The Fairy invites you, and Mirth's chosen band,  
Attend in her palace to welcome each guest;  
With Hymen uniting to join hand in hand:  
Each pair fondly suing to blefs and be blefs'd.

D A N C E.

F I N I S.

100

LAST CHORUS.

The brightness of the sun, and moon's chosen band,  
And the sweet voice of the birds, each gentle  
Which hymn of praise to God in nature  
Each part fondly sings to praise and be praised.

DANCE.

2 1 2 1 2 1 2